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JOHN KILBURN FARM.  
4000 ACRES of Money Making Land.  
Beautiful home, 6 barns, orchard  
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Best buy in the county.

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**Need Pressing and**  
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SEND THEM TO  
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And Have Them done in First Class  
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**SUFFER FROM**  
**SUNBURN?**

**NYAL'S FACE CREAM** is delight-  
fully cooling, healing and soothing  
to the skin and will protect the face,  
neck and hands from tan, sunburn and  
freckles.  
It is delightfully perfumed, perfectly  
harmless and is easily applied and im-  
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Price 25 cents a jar, at

**STAPLES PHARMACY**  
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This is what the famous  
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Will do.  
IT WILL LAST ALL SUMMER.

I have been appointed sole agent for  
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16 inch hard stove wood, \$2.75 per load.  
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**TO THE POLICYHOLDERS OF**  
**THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE**  
**COMPANY OF AMERICA.**

**NOTICE** is hereby given that a meet-  
ing of the policyholders of The  
Prudential Insurance Company of  
America will be held at the Home Of-  
fice of the said Company in the City  
of Newark, New Jersey, on Monday,  
the fourth day of December, 1916, at  
twelve o'clock noon, for the purpose  
of selecting fifteen persons to be voted  
for by the policyholders' Trustee as  
members of the Board of Directors, at  
the annual election of Directors of the  
Company to be held on the eighth day  
of January, 1917.

At such meeting every policyholder  
of the corporation who is of the age  
of twenty-one years or upwards and  
whose policy has been in force for at  
least one year last past, shall be en-  
titled to cast one vote in person or by  
proxy. **FORREST F. DRYEN,**  
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**No 8 Field Ambulance**  
**WANT**  
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A fine opportunity for College and  
Normal School Graduates to do their  
bit in khaki. Apply to  
**CAPT (DR.) W. H. IRVINE,**  
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**FUN! MAGIC! MYSTERY!**

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A couple can be joined together and  
will hold their fingers as tight as a  
rat in a trap. The mere you pull the  
tighter it grips. Price with illustrated  
catalog 7c. each, 3 for 15c.

**HOT AIR CARDS**  
Boys and girls, these are the best  
out. All funny. Give one to your  
friend and watch results. Bunch of  
funny circulars and illustrated catalog  
with each order. Price 7c. pkg., 3 for  
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**SONG BOOKS**  
Containing words and music, form-  
erly sold at 25c. Many funny par-  
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**EXCURSIONS**  
From Maritime Provinces

**Aug. 12th**  
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Arrangements  
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"Excuses Don't Go." No, the women  
are getting so you've got to account  
for the night's doings in every little de-  
tail.

It has been our observation that the  
man who is being driven to drink usu-  
ally develops the speed of a Derby  
winner.

**Cook's Cotton Root Compound.**

A safe, reliable regulating  
medicine. Sold in three de-  
grees of strength—No. 1, 2, 3;  
No. 2, 3; No. 3, 50 per box.  
Sold by all druggists, or sent  
prepaid on receipt of price.  
Free pamphlet. Address:  
**THE COOK MEDICINE CO.,**  
TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

# The BLACK BOX

Novelized from the Photo-play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal  
Film Manufacturing Company.

"The Durham," he muttered, "cargo  
cotton, destination Southampton, sails  
at high tide on the 16th. Lenora, is  
that calendar right?"  
"It's the 16th, Mr. Quest," she an-  
swered.

Quest crossed the room to the tele-  
phone.  
"I want number one, central," he  
said. "Thank you! Put me through to  
Mr. French's office. . . . Hello,  
French! I've got an idea. Can you  
come round here at once and bring  
an automobile? I want to get down  
to the docks—not where the passen-  
ger steamers start from—lower down.  
Good! We'll wait."

Quest hung up the receiver.  
"See here, professor," he continued,  
"that fellow wouldn't dare to send  
this message if he weren't pretty sure  
of getting off. He's made all his  
plans beforehand, but it's my belief  
we shall just get our hands upon him,  
after all."

Presently he heard the automobile  
stop outside and French appeared.  
"Anything doing?" he asked.  
Quest showed him the card and the  
sailing list.

The inspector glanced at the clock.  
"Then we've got to make tracks,"  
he declared, "and pretty quick, too.  
She'll be starting from somewhere  
about number twenty-eight dock, a  
long way down. Come along, gentle-  
men."

They hurried out to the automobile  
and started off to the docks. The  
latter part of their journey was ac-  
complished under difficulties, for the  
street was packed with drays and  
heavy vehicles. They reached dock  
number twenty-eight at last, how-  
ever, and hurried through the shed  
on to the wharf. There were no signs  
of a steamer there.

"Where's the Durham?" Quest  
asked one of the carters, who was just  
getting his team together.

The man pointed out to the middle  
of river, where a small steamer was  
lying.

"There she is," he replied. "She'll  
be off in a few minutes. You'll hear  
the sirens directly when they begin  
to move down."

Quest led the way quickly to the  
edge of the wharf. There was a  
small tug there, the crew of which  
were just making her fast for the  
night.

"Fifty dollars if you'll take us out  
to the Durham and catch her before  
she sails," Quest shouted to the man  
who seemed to be the captain.

They clambered down the iron lad-  
der and jumped on to the deck of the  
tug. The captain seized the wheel.  
The two men who formed the crew  
took off their coats and waistcoats.

"Give it to her, Jim," the former or-  
dered. "Now then, here goes! We'll  
just miss the ferry."

They swung around and commenced  
their journey. Quest stood with his  
watch in his hand. They were getting  
up the anchor of the Durham and  
from higher up the river came the  
screen of steamers beginning to  
move on their outward way.

"We'll make it all right," the cap-  
tain assured them.

They were within a hundred yards  
of the Durham when Quest gave a lit-  
tle exclamation. From the other side  
of the steamer another tug shot out  
away, turning back towards New  
York. Huddled in the stern, half  
concealed in a tarpaulin, was a man  
in a plain black suit. Quest, with a  
little shout, recognized the man at  
the helm from his long, brown beard.

"That's one of those fellows who  
was in the truck," he declared, "and  
that's Craig in the stern! We've got  
him this time. Say, captain, it's that  
tug I want. Never mind about the  
steamer. Catch it and I'll make it a  
hundred dollars!"

"We've got her!" he captain ex-  
claimed. There's the ferry and the  
first of the steamers coming down in  
the middle. They'll have to chuck it."

Right ahead of them, blazing with  
lights, a huge ferry came churning  
the river up and sending waves in  
their direction. On the other side  
unnaturally large, loomed up the  
great bows of an ocean-going steamer.  
The tug was swung round and they  
ran up alongside. The man with the  
beard leaned over.

"Say, what's your trouble?" he de-  
manded.

The inspector stepped forward.

"I want that man you've got under  
the tarpaulin," he announced.

"Say, you ain't the river police?"

"I'm Inspector French from head-  
quarters," was the curt reply. "The  
sooner you hand him over, the better  
for you."

"Do you hear that, O'Toole?" the  
other remarked, turning around. "Get  
up, you blackguard!"

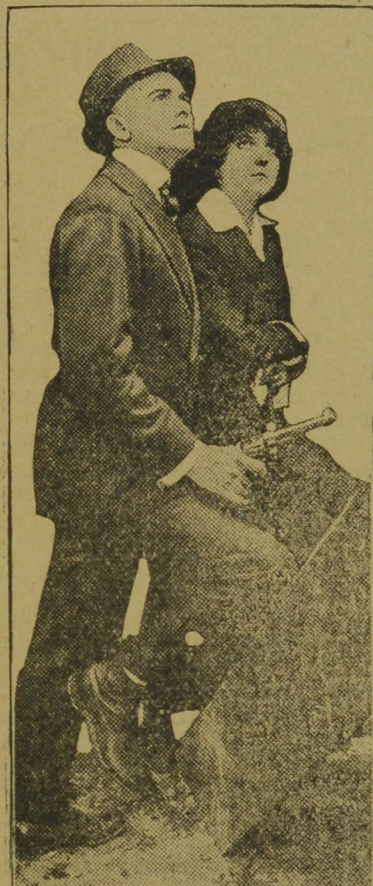
A man rose from underneath the  
oilskin. He was wearing Craig's  
clothes, but his face was the face of a  
stranger. As quick as lightning Quest  
swung round in his place.

"He's fooled us again!" he ex-  
claimed. "Head her round, captain—  
back to the Durham!"

The sailor shook his head.

"We've lost our chance, guv'nor,"

he pointed out. "Look!"  
Quest set his teeth and gripped  
Inspector's arm. The place where  
the Durham had been anchored was  
empty. Already, half a mile down  
the river, with a trail of light behind  
and her siren shrieking, the Durham  
was standing out seawards.



Quest Stood on Guard.  
CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE INHERITED SIN.

"Getting kind of used to these court-  
house shows, aren't you, Lenora?"  
Quest remarked, as they stepped from  
the automobile and entered the house  
in Georgia square.

"Could anyone feel much sympa-  
thy," she asked, "with those men?  
Red Gallagher, as they all called him,  
is more like a great brutal animal  
than a human being. I think that even  
if they had sentenced him to death I  
should have felt that it was quite the  
proper thing to have done."

"Too much sentiment about those  
things," Quest agreed, clipping the end  
off a cigar. "Men like that are bet-  
ter off the face of the earth. They  
did their best to send me there."

"Here's a cablegram for you," Le-  
nora exclaimed, bringing it over to him.  
"Mr. Quest, I wonder if it's from Scot-  
land Yard?"

Quest tore it open. They read it to-  
gether, Lenora standing on tiptoe to  
peer over his shoulder:

"Stowaway answering in every re-  
spect your description of Craig found  
on Durham. Has been arrested, as  
desired, and will be taken to Ham-  
lin house for identification by Lord Ash-  
leigh. Reply whether you are coming  
over, and full details as to charge."

"Good for Scotland Yard!" Quest de-  
clared. "So they've got him, eh? All  
the same, that fellow's as slippery as  
an eel. Lenora, how should you like  
a trip across the ocean, eh?"

"I should love it," Lenora replied.

"Do you mean it, really?"

Quest nodded.

"That fellow fooled me pretty well,"



he continued, "But somehow I feel that  
if I get my hands on him this time,  
they'll stay there till he stands where  
Red Gallagher did today. I don't feel  
content to let anyone else finish off  
the job. Got any relatives over there?"

"I have an aunt in London," Lenora  
told him, "the dearest old lady you  
ever saw. She'd give anything to  
have me make her a visit."

Quest moved across to his desk  
and took up a sailing list. He stud-  
ied it for a few moments and turned  
back to Lenora.

"Send a cable off at once to Scotland  
Yard," he directed. "Say—Am sail-  
ing on Lusitania tomorrow. Hold pris-  
oner. Charge very serious. Have full  
warrants."

Lenora wrote down the message and  
went to the telephone to send it off.  
As soon as she had finished Quest took  
up his hat again.

"Come on," he invited. "The ma-  
chine's outside. We'll just go and look  
in on the professor and tell him the  
news. Poor old chap, I'm afraid he'll  
never be the same man again."

They found the professor on his  
hands and knees upon a dusty floor.  
Carefully arranged before him were  
the bones of a skeleton, each laid in  
some appointed place.

"What about that unhappy man,  
Craig?" the professor asked, gloomily.  
"Isn't the Durham almost due now?"

Quest took out the cablegram from  
his pocket and passed it over. The  
professor's fingers trembled a little as  
he read it. He passed it back, how-  
ever, without immediate comment.

"You see, they have been cleverer  
over there than we were," Quest re-  
marked.

"Perhaps," the professor assented.  
"They seem, at least, to have arrested  
the man. Even now I can scarcely  
believe that it is Craig—my servant  
Craig—who is lying in an English  
prison. Do you know that his people  
have been servants in the Ashleigh  
family for some hundreds of years?"

Quest was clearly interested. "Say,  
I'd like to hear about that!" he ex-  
claimed. "You know I'm rather great  
on heredity, professor. What class  
did he come from then? Were his  
people just domestic servants al-  
ways?"

The professor's face was for a mo-  
ment troubled. He moved to his desk,  
rummaged about for a time, and finally  
produced an ancient volume.

"This really belongs to my brother,  
Lord Ashleigh," he explained. "He  
brought it over with him to show me  
(To Be Continued.)"

Quest took an empty purse  
usually goes with an empty stomach.

If a girl knew how pretty she doesn't  
look when she cries, she wouldn't do  
it.

A pig has as much use for a tail as  
a man has for two buttons on the back  
of his frock coat.

### Cholera Infantum

Cured by Using

**DR. FOWLER'S**  
**Extract of Wild Straw-**  
**berry.**

Cholera Infantum is one of the most  
common, and at the same time one  
of the most dangerous summer com-  
plaints of infants, and many children  
have died who could have been saved  
had the proper remedy been used on  
the first sign of trouble.

Cholera Infantum begins with a pro-  
fuse diarrhoea; the stomach becomes  
irritated, vomiting and purging set in,  
and the child rapidly loses flesh, and  
becomes weak, prostrated and lan-  
guid.

Mrs. B. A. Cirwell, Rosway, N. S.,  
writes: "I can recommend, most  
highly, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild  
Strawberry. A friend of mine whose  
little daughter was ill with cholera in-  
fantum, was given up by the doctors.  
The little one's mother asked me to  
come in and see the child. I told her  
I had a bottle of 'Dr. Fowler's,' and  
asked her if she would try it. When  
the bottle was half used the child was  
well. This cure was a miraculous one  
for I thought the child was dying at  
the time."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Straw-  
berry has been on the market for the  
past seventy years. Anyone who has  
ever used it will not accept a substi-  
tute. See that you don't. When you  
ask for "Dr. Fowler's" be sure that  
you get it.

The genuine is manufactured only  
by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Tor-  
onto, Ont. Price 35c.

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need suffer from chapped hands,  
cold sores, frost bites, or other win-  
ter skin troubles, if you will follow  
the example of hundreds of others,  
and apply Zam-Buk.

This wonderful herbal balm ends  
the pain almost immediately, pen-  
etrates the damaged tissues and so-  
stimulates the cells beneath, that  
new healthy skin is quickly formed.  
The antiseptic properties of Zam-  
Buk prevent festering, blood poi-  
son, and other complications.

An occasional application of Zam-  
Buk will keep the skin soft and  
pliable, and every mother should  
see that the children use it liber-  
ally. Zam-Buk also cures piles,  
cuts, burns, ulcers, abscesses, ec-  
zema, ringworm and other skin dis-  
eases and injuries.

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